

## TRAINING MEN IN THE ART OF BOMB THROWING

Anarchist's Weapon in Warfare  
Has Become as Respect-  
able as the Rifle.

### FINE POINTS OF THE GAME

The Absent-Minded Fellow Makes  
Trouble—Bombs Well Behaved If  
You Treat Them Right—First  
Chuck Is Really What's  
Important.

By FREDERICK PALMER.

(International News Service.)

British Headquarters, France.—It was at a bombing school on a French farm where chosen soldiers brought back from the trenches were being trained in the use of the anarchist's weapon which has now become as respectable as the rifle. Specialism develops as the war goes on. There are no M. B. degrees for Master Bomb-ers yet, but that may come, any day. Present was the chief instructor, a young, Scotch subaltern with blue eyes, a pleasant smile and a cock of the north spirit. He might have been twenty years old, though he did not look it. On his breast was the purple and white ribbon of the new order of the military cross which one gets for doing something in this war which would have won a Victoria cross in one of the little wars.

Also present was the assistant instructor, a sergeant of regulars—and very much of a regular—who had three ribbons which he had won in previous campaigns. He too had blue eyes, bland blue eyes. These two understood each other.

"If you don't drop it, why it's all right," said the sergeant. "Of course, if you do—"

He did not drop it. "And when you throw it, you must look out and not hit the man behind and knock the bomb out of your hand. That has happened before now to an absent-minded fellow who was about to toss one at the Boches—and it does not do to be absent-minded when you throw bombs."

"They say that you sometimes pick up the German bombs and chuck them back before they explode," it was suggested.

"Yes, sir, I've read things like that in some of the accounts of the reports who write from Somewhere in France. You don't happen to know where that is, sir? All I can say is that if you are going to do it you must be quick about it. I shouldn't advise delaying your decision, sir, or perhaps when you reach down to pick it up neither your hand nor the bomb would be there. They'd have gone off together, sir."

Must Treat Them Right.

"Have you ever been hurt in your sanding of bombs?" one asked. Surprise in the bland, blue eyes. "Oh, no, sir! Bombs are well behaved if you treat them right. It's all in being thoughtful and considerate of them!"

Meanwhile he was jerking at some kind of a patent fuse set in a shell of high explosive.

"This is a poor kind, sir. It's been discarded, but I thought that you might like to see it. Never did like it! Always making trouble!"

More distance between the audience and the performer.

"Now I've got it, sir—get down, sir!"

The audience carried out instructions to the letter as army regula-

tions require. We got behind the protection of one of the practice trench traverses. He threw the discard beyond another wall of earth. There was a sharp report, a burst of smoke and some fragments of earth were tossed into the air.

In a small affair of two hundred yards of trench the other day it was estimated that the British and Germans together threw about five thousand bombs in this fashion. It was enough to sadden any minister of munitions. However, the British kept the trench.

"Do your men like to become bomb-ers?" one asked the subaltern.

"I should say so. It puts them up in front. It gives them a chance to throw something—and they don't get much cricket in France, you see. We had a pupil here last week who broke the throwing record for distance. He was pleased as Punch with himself. A first-class bombing detachment has a lot of pride of corps."

To bomb has become as common a verb with the army as to bayonet. "We bombed them out!" means a section of trench taken. As you know a trench is dug and built with sandbags in zigzag traverses. In following the course of a trench it is as if you followed the sides of the squares of a checker board up and down and across on the same tier of squares. The square itself is a bank of earth with the cut on either side and in front of it. When a bombing party bombs their way into the possession of a section of German trench there are Germans under cover of the traverses on either side of them. The German is waiting around the corner to shoot the first British head that shows itself.

"It's important that you and not the Boches chuck the bombs over first," explained the subaltern. "Also that you get them into their traverse or they may be as troublesome to you as to the enemy."

With the bombs bursting in their faces the Germans who are not put out of action are blinded and stunned. In the moment when they are thus off guard the aggressors leap around the corner.

"And then?"

"Stick 'em, sir!" said the matter-of-fact sergeant. "Yes, the cold steel is best. And do it first. As Mr. McPherson said, it's very important to do it first."

It has been found that something short is handy for this kind of work. In such cramped quarters—a ditch six feet deep and from two to three feet broad—the rifle is an awkward length

### GIVES MONKEY TO ZOO



Seaman W. J. Downey of the U. S. supply ship Celtic has just presented to the Boston zoo a monkey which he captured on the beach at Vera Cruz after a lively chase. The picture shows Seaman Downey and the monkey.

to permit of prompt and skillful use of the bayonet.

"Yes, sir, you can mix it up better with something handy, sir—to think British soldiers would come to fighting like assassins, sir," said the sergeant.

"You must be spy on such occasions. It's no time for wool gathering."

Not a smile from him or the subaltern all the time. They were the kind you would like to have alone in a tight corner whether you had to fight with knives or fists or seventeen-inch howitzers.

The sergeant took us into the storehouse where he kept his supply of bombs.

"What if a German shell should strike your storehouse?" it was suggested.

"Then, sir, I expect that most of the bombs would be exploded. Bombs are very peculiar in their habits. What do you think, sir?"

It was no trouble to show stock, as the clerks at the stores say. He brought forth all the different kinds of bombs which British ingenuity has invented—but, no, not all invented. These would mount into the thousands. Every British inventor who knows anything about explosives has tried his hand at a new kind of bomb. One means all the kinds which the British war office has considered worth the practice test.

The spectator was allowed to handle each one as much as he pleased. There had been occasions, that boyish Scotch subaltern told me without a twinkle in his eye, when the men who were examining the products of British ingenuity—well, the subaltern had sandy hair, too, which heightened the effect of his blue eyes.

There were yellow and green and blue and black and striped bombs, egg-shaped, barrel-shaped, conical and concave bombs; bombs that were exploded by pulling a string or pressing a button—all these to be thrown by hand, without mentioning grenades and bigger varieties which were thrown by mechanical means which would have made a Chinese warrior of Confucius' time or a Roman legionary feel at home.

"This was the first born," the subaltern explained—"the first thing we could lay our hands on when the close quarters trench warfare began."

It was as old of date, now, as grandfather's smoothbore—the tinpot which both sides used early in the winter. A wick was attached to the high explosive wrapped in cloth and stuck in an ordinary jam can.

"Quite homemade, as you see, sir," remarked the sergeant. "Used to fix them up ourselves in the trenches in odd hours—saved burying your refuse jam tins according to medical corps direction—you threw them at the Boches. Have to use a match to light it—very old-fashioned, sir. I wonder if that old fuse has got damp. No, it's going all right," and he threw the jam pot which made a good explosion.

Later when he began hammering the end of another he looked up in mild surprise at the dignified back stepping of the spectators.

"Is that fuse out?" someone asked. "Yes, sir; of course, sir," he replied. "It's safer. But here is the best; we're discarding the others," he went on as he picked up another bomb.

It was a pleasure to throw this crowning achievement of the experiments. It fitted your hand nicely; it threw easily; it did the business; it was foolproof against a man in love or a war poet.

"We saw as soon as this style came out," said the sergeant, "that it was bound to be popular. Every body asks for it—except the Boches, sir."

Buried Infant in Ocean Sands. Atlantic City, N. J.—Dr. A. J. Downes, a physician, and Miss Wadner, both of Philadelphia, are under arrest charged with burying the body of an infant in the sand off the end of Kentucky avenue beach.

### HARD WORK FOR A DIAMOND

Man Suffers Dog Bite—Buys Beast With Gem in Its Inner Work.

Hagerstown, Md.—A pup that bit A. Thompson of Derkey on the hand pulled off and swallowed a \$200 diamond ring. Thompson bought the pup, worth about ten cents, from H. R. Rogers, the negro owner, for \$10. After much kicking, took the dog home and killed it, and the diamond ring was found in the stomach.

### The Nutts in Trouble.

Minneapolis.—Hazel Nutt, twenty years old, is defendant in a suit for divorce by Ashley T. Nutt, twenty-two years old, filed in Hennepin county district court. Hazel Nutt was married at Everett, Mass., August 25, 1910, when only fifteen years old. There is one little Nutt, Vincent, who is now three years old. The husband alleges he was deserted on Thanksgiving day, 1913. Ashley asserts he has not seen Hazel Nutt since that day.

is to render.

Only sailors and soldiers whose wounds are healed are to be accepted at the hospital, and there they will remain during the long period necessary for the fitting of an artificial limb.

It has been computed that up to June 17 last no fewer than 674 limbless men have been discharged from the service, and that figure takes no account of the men now in hospital or those maimed in the Dardanelles fighting.

### AUTO SMASHES COW'S LEG

Then Mean Thief Steals Hide, Leaving Nothing But Vain Regrets for Owner.

Baraboo, Wis.—Recently a cow belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Cohn was struck by an automobile owned by Edward Kowalko of North Freedom. The cow was tethered in the road for the pasture and the driver of the car claims he tried to avert an accident but could not.

The leg of the cow was broken and the animal had to be killed. Action was begun in Justice Adolph Andro's court on the ground the machine was being driven too fast and later a change of venue was taken to Justice H. L. Halsted's court where the case was dismissed, as the car was not going twenty-five miles an hour. Besides cows should not pasture in the highway.

The hide was removed from the animal and later the sheriff was notified that this had been stolen. The thief has not been apprehended.

### Startling Information.

San Angelo, Tex.—John Corbet, a trapper, is showing friends here a rock which he found along the North Concho river. The rock has a cavity in it in which he found a frog. Mr. Corbet broke the rock and the frog hopped out. Undoubtedly it had been there many years.

### Turtles and Tortoises.

About three hundred species of turtles and tortoises are known. Some of these attain a very large size.

## WASHINGTON GOSSIP

### Government Breeds Fine Horses for Army Mounts

WASHINGTON.—The result of the government's experimental work in horse breeding, begun in 1913, is interesting. Unlike foreign governments, the United States had made no experiments in the scientific breeding of horses for army uses, and it was only as the result of a recommendation to congress by a number of experts who had inspected foreign studs that an appropriation of \$50,000 was set aside and the work turned over to the department of agriculture, which in turn delegated it to the bureau of animal husbandry. The object was to produce desirable types of cavalry remounts and artillery horses.

Thoroughbred sires had been pronounced most serviceable by continental experts and the project was undertaken along the same lines here, though there was a desire to try other light horse types of stallion, and a few trotting, saddle and Morgan sires were included in the original stud.

The war department had received as a donation the thoroughbred sires Octagon by Rayon D'Or, dam Ordeal by Bend Or, and Henry of Navarre by Knight of Ellerslie out of Moss Rose by The Ill Used, from August Belmont, president of the Jockey club, and these were turned over to the department of agriculture.

Other thoroughbreds were purchased and there are now at the station at Front Royal, Va., eighteen sires, of which ten are thoroughbreds, the others being trotters and saddle stallions.

The prepotency of the thoroughbred, experts declare, makes him ideal for the work in hand, and, as racing was in its darkest days when the work was inaugurated, the task of securing horses of quality was easy. There was a disposition from the start to render the government every assistance in a work that is regarded as second to none in economic importance.

With Russia's appropriation for horse breeding totaling more than \$4,000,000 for 1914, and the czar adding more than \$1,000,000 in the same period from his private purse, there was cause for faultfinding when the appropriation for the work in the United States during the same period was cut from the original \$50,000 to \$30,000. Now the department has been notified that it must carry on the work for the coming twelve months for \$25,000, and here is certain to be an appeal to congress as soon as the house convenes.

### "Snookums" Gets a Government Job at the Zoo

It usually takes a civil service examination to enter the United States government's surveying corps, but such red tape did not trouble "Snookums." He nonchalantly annexed himself to the government surveying party at Papago reservation, Arizona, and now he has obtained a permanent appointment. He even got free transportation to Washington to take his new job.

Now "Snookums" is on duty at the Zoo. He doesn't have much to do—just walk up and down for visitors to look at, but a number of calls already have been paid by government surveyors, for his fame had preceded him.

Edward Anderson, Jr., son of Dr. and Mrs. Edward Anderson of Rockville, discovered "Snookums." His position not only found him, but those who assigned him to it had an interesting time spiriting him away from his mother. He was found while Mr. Anderson and his associates were surveying near the Mexican line, in Arizona.

The wildcats are regarded as dangerous animals in that region, and even after "Snookums" was taken to camp, it was feared his mother might track him by night and put up a fight to rescue him. But the rest of the family probably kept her home.

The party became attached to the mascot, and, when the work was done it was decided that "Snookums" ought to remain in the government service. Superintendent Baker of the Zoo here wrote that he would be glad to provide permanently for the animal.

Meantime the cat had become domesticated. He was friendly and intelligent. He did not much like being placed in a box for shipment East, but even at that indignity he did no more than show his teeth and ugly claws.

On his box was placed the inscription, "My name is Snookums. Treat me well. I am from Arizona."

### Washington's City Market Proves Big Success

THE effort to make Washington the experimental ground for the development of scientific methods of food distribution is, in less than a year's time, showing practical results that stand as a working model for any city whose population wants to reduce the cost of living.

This is due largely to the efforts of John H. Sherman, superintendent of the weights, measures and markets department of the District of Columbia, who has taught the housewives how to eliminate the middleman by community buying.

A nucleus for the proposed market system already existed. Three municipal retail markets were operating with indifferent success, isolated Mr. Sherman persuaded congress to appropriate \$32,000 for steel shelters along Big B and Little B streets, N. W., and then obtained another appropriation—\$235,000—for a terminal market, to be erected on the wharves, for the wholesale distribution of fish and produce from the Potomac valley.

Mr. Sherman's enthusiasm in his attempt to reduce the living expenses of the masses in the city of Washington is not to be confined to the District of Columbia, but the plan as outlined and partially materialized will stand as a working model for other cities whose infant death rate and racial suicide are statistically known to increase proportionately with the cost of foodstuffs. Washington feels that there is a splendid purpose back of this experiment, far-reaching in its various individual phases, which extend from the hard-working farmer who jogs into market long before dawn to the worried woman whose household expenses are such that there is no chance to lay aside enough for the education of her child.

### Putting Together Bones of Mastodon Is Puzzle

THE preparators and aids in the section of vertebrate paleontology of the United States National museum are busy putting together the bones and fragments of a huge skeleton of a mastodon secured near Winamac, Ind., by the assistant curator of fossil animals, James W. Gridley.

The laboratory where the skeleton is being assembled, with its corps of earnest workers, reminds one of a lot of children working on a cut-up picture puzzle, only the problem before the scientist and his assistants is a more difficult one; it is a three-dimensional puzzle with some of the pieces missing, and others broken into many small fragments. Nevertheless they are forced to resort to a system similar to that employed on a picture puzzle in many ways, for a small piece is first examined carefully, then tried here and there, until presently—ureka!—it fits exactly, or so nearly so that its position is definitely determined, and then the assembler takes up another fragment with renewed interest.

The specimen is believed to be that of a full-grown male, although not an individual, who lived in the pleistocene age, probably 150,000 years ago.

## OH! MY BACK

A stubborn backache is cause to suspect kidney trouble. When the kidneys are inflamed and swollen, stooping brings a sharp twinge in the small of the back, that almost takes the breath away. Soon there may be other symptoms; scanty, painful or too frequent urination, headaches, dizziness, or rheumatic pains. Don't wait for these troubles to become serious—use Doan's Kidney Pills at once. You'll find no better recommended remedy.

### A Colorado Case

Mrs. T. F. Conners, 726 W. Bleeker Ave., A. S. P. S. D., Colo., says: "My back was terribly sore and painful and I could hardly straighten after stooping. I tried easily, had headaches and dizzy spells and felt all run down. My kidneys acted too freely. Doan's Kidney Pills brought me relief and for three years I have had practically no further trouble."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box  
**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

## Your Liver Is Clogged Up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS** will put you right in a few days. They do their duty.

Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

*Wentwood*

Too many people are like elderly—they become sour with age.

Makes the laundress happy—that's Red Cross Rag Blue. Makes beautiful, clear white clothes. All good grocers. Adv.

In Style.  
"I'd like a stylish loan."  
"What kind is that?"  
"One which is V-shaped."

Easily Settled.  
"What's the trouble about the program?"

"This prima donna insists that her name be in larger letters than that of the trained chimpanzee."  
"Let her have it that way," directed the vaudeville manager. "The monk is intelligent, but he hasn't arrived at the point where he is going to kick about the way we print his name."

### Genuine Happiness.

A fact concerning modern religious activity, which seems to have escaped general remark, is that Christians know better how to play than ever before. In the normal times of recent years a visitor at one of the summer conferences of the student Young Men's Christian association, for instance, would be surprised and delighted at the hearty good times which the delegates enjoyed. Christian endeavor, too, has taught young people how to play. The whole conception of recreation and its place in life has received new attention of late years. Anybody who is seeking for it may find abundant evidence that there is more genuine happiness and intelligent pleasure among Christians than among the followers of frivolity.—Exchange.

### IT SLUGS HARD.

Coffee a Sure and Powerful Bruiser.

"I let your coffee slave be denied his cup at its appointed time! Headache—sick stomach—fatigue. I know it all in myself, and have seen it in others. Strange that thinking, reasoning beings will persist in its use," says a Topeka man.

He says further that he did not begin drinking coffee until he was twenty years old, and that slowly it began to poison him, and affect his hearing through his nervous system.

"Finally, I quit coffee and the conditions slowly disappeared, but one cold morning the smell of my wife's coffee was too much for me and I took a cup. Soon I was drinking my regular allowance, tearing down brain and nerves by the daily dose of the nefarious beverage."

"Later, I found my breath coming hard, had frequent fits of nausea, and then I was taken down with bilious fever."

"Common sense came to me, and I quit coffee for good and went back to Postum. I at once began to gain and have had no returns of my bilious symptoms, headache, dizziness or vertigo."

"I now have health, bright thoughts, and added weight, where before there was invalidism and the blues."

"My brother quit coffee because of its effect on his health and now uses Postum. He could not stand the nervous strain while using coffee, but keeps well on Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.  
—sold by Grocers.

### MANSION NOW A HOSPITAL

Rochampton House Shelters Men Who Have Lost Limbs in the War.

London.—Rochampton house has now been altered into a military hospital for the exclusive use of soldiers and sailors who have lost one or more of their limbs in the war. It is known as one of "Queen Mary's Convalescent Auxiliary hospitals" and its chief interest lies in the peculiar service it